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Centre of Vision

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The Center of Vision is made and gotten out by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School as a prayer - partly for help, partly for thanksgiving.

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ISAIAH.

A HARD GUY'S VISIT TO M. N. A. S.

It was der t'ird Friday of der mont' wen I sailed past der Nut factory and inter der main office—followin' der indian sign wot wus passed me on Newbury St.—wid de intentions of takin' a peep at der joint.

In dis office were all kinds of funny lookin' jugs and a rookie what looked as dough he'd lost his last bean on a sure ting was holdin' down der desk. Anudder' boob what heid smoked optics on his breeser and er porky-pine hair comb and had der look as dough hed kept up a correspondence wid Beetrice Fairfax was keeping der attendance.

After some minutes she (ex-cuse me) he slipped me der look and said in er sweet feminine voice—"What can I do for you?" "Oh," says I, kinder careless like, "I wanter trow me glims over de burg fer awhile."

Then he leads me ter where a bunch of Lods and Johns wus drawing wid tin wishbones wen der Johns wasnt piping der chips wat passed. We den floated down der hallway were was a statue of a big guy wid a plate—a head waiter—and a pair of Injins dat I tot was a cigar ad. into der modelling room were der skirts was trowin' clay an makin' eyes an ears an sometings was draped till it got on me nerves like a graveyard.

Den we went up stairs. On de level it wus dat dark you'd have ter get some brilliant oils ter see der masterpieces on der walls and ter keep from steppin' on der lovin' couples.

Soon we heard an awful noise and walked in on Romeo and Juliet. All de guys beat it wen we took de cue till we went out.

In der next room we bumped into a guy all dolled up in kids. In here dey were paintin' from flowers dat looked as dough dey done service at Lincoln's funeral—no kiddin' an' it got my goat, how dey could make a pretty picture out av a cross between a morgue and a florist's shop.

Dey next runs me into a room were dey were drawin' Franklin on a jug. Looked bad! In dis room believe me dey was der swellest lookin' dames wat ever swished a silk skirt on asphalt pavement, and only two lonely lookin' pikers in dere wid dem. We den strolled inter der School teacher factory were dey all looked alike ter me. A few fairys were floatin' round practicing dat icy stare and some were makin' furnicher outer paper. I went out of der quick on der level.

We den went to der Portrait class were dey spent dere time enhancing them walls wid extra bits of paint and der coats dey wore would make er Donnelly billboard sick!

From der we hit der room where tree floosies were kiddin' wun poor conine dat was tryin' to do der paintin' act.

From dere we went to de top an gee wat a racket. Wen we slipped der treshold wat a sudden silence. All dem freshies did der nobly busy act. Gee I never seen so many bottles layin' round careless like—and dey so young—soon a bell rings and wat a rush for der hash counter.

I did a little ful patterin' mysel' an wus rewarded wid a couple ov prunes and er glass ov milk. Soon I hears der pianner an goes up-stairs to were one blonde chip tikles der ivories while the brods do a maraton and oh nuts may be dey didn't travel some till 12.30 when der bell again breaks der spell and did I stay?—Never—believe me—dats wen I beat it.

ART NEWS.

Within five minutes' walk of the Normal Art School there are at least half a dozen galleries where free exhibitions are usually held and changed every other week. In spite of this fact there are many students of this school, especially freshmen, who are in ignorance of their existence. This fault should be corrected, for sometimes fine canvases by great masters are shown.

But before visiting these galleries why not first visit the Art Museum, pick out several modern canvases that you like and then go and make a comparison, thus comparing the known with the unknown quality? While at the Museum be sure to see Dennis Bunker's "Girl with Red Hair."

We have, however, been extremely fortunate in the quality and quantity of the most recent exhibits, the names of Decamp, Reynolds, Lawrence, Raeburn and Homer being headliners. The best and the most interesting show is that of our teacher in portraiture, Joseph Decamp, who has seventeen canvases at the St. Botolph Club. Here is shown his well known portrait of Theodore Roosevelt that we saw last year. Probably his best work shown is "The Blue Cup," which is much better than his "Mandolin Player" at the Museum. "The Fur Jacket" and "The Pink Feather" also are masterpieces.

Before Decamp, Charles Grafly and Daniel Garber exhibited at the same gallery. Grafly's work was sculpture and among his subjects were Tarbell, Paxton and Decamp. The likeness of Decamp was very good.

Daniel Garber's landscapes were interesting, especially "The Grapevine," which was finely composed and simply painted. Did everybody notice the shadow on the wall?

At the Museum nobody should have missed seeing the work of the late Winslow Homer. His three oils, especially the two owned by the Museum are wonderful in every respect, but in quite a number of cases, his water colors, while we cannot criticise his color or workmanship, are poorly composed. This fault casts a shadow over the unfortunate picture which we cannot put aside. Some of his water colors, however, are as good as his oils.

Arthur Spear held an interesting exhibit at the Copley Gallery. "By Candle Light" attracts the most attention, being finely composed and having a very flesh-like look, but it is not as vigorously painted as "Mildred," or "The Brook in Winter."

At Doll & Richards' Miss Jane Peterson recently exhibited a number of landscapes, of which, the two beach scenes still remaining are probably the best. Her work was pleasingly simple in color technique and design.

On February 25 a collection of "Old Masters" took Miss Peterson's place. At last we have a chance to see a LeBrun, we hope not one of her best, but the only one in town. There is also a Reynolds, a Lawrence, and a Raeburn.

The Raeburn was not so interestingly designed as his "Mrs. Cruickshank," Mr. Frick let us see. It might easily remind one of Gilbert Stuart's "Washington," at the Museum, in color and technique.

In the small gallery at Doll & Richards' there is a collection of the work of a number of artists. There are two desert scenes

by Charles Furlong, a former graduate of the Normal Art. These are executed in his well known style. A camel in one should interest ambitious anatomy students.

Paul Dougherty (pronounced Docerty) reigned for two weeks at the Vose Gallery. Paul spent last summer at Land's End, Cornwall, and these canvases are the result. They are all sea scenes, most of them with wonderful sunlight on the water and on the clouds, but very similar to one another and to his last year's exhibit. After painting so many similar scenes his work must be rather mechanical. It would please us if he would only paint some good dry land.

The one canvas that attracts the eye at Kimball's is Whistler's "Coast of Brittany." Those who know "The Little Rose of Lyme" should recognize this as a Whistler at first sight. The rest of the exhibition was a collection of landscapes by about forty-nine different artists.

At the Alumni Rooms Messrs. Hibbard, Dunbar, Smith and Stevens exhibited. Hibbard's landscapes are fine and show as much promise as his portraits did last year at this school.

Harold Dunbar, another graduate, had a number of good water color landscapes.

Howard Smith's illustrations, which have been reproduced in Harper's Magazine, looked familiar.

On February twenty-seventh Harry Hoffman opened an exhibit of Spanish scenes at the Copley. The largest, "Sunset," has a very interesting sky. Spain must be a very beautiful country.

An exhibition of art students' work was opened March 1st

at the Boston Art Club. Miss Beatrice Whitney's "Gold Girl," which won first prize, won it very fairly. While not drawn as well as some of its rivals, it was composed much better—this very important good quality apparently having a great influence on the judges.

Sam Brown's life drawings were the best work from this school.

It is rather a sad sight to see the old Art Museum being torn down, but we should be consoled when we visit the new building. The new Museum is very handy to the Huntington Avenue ball grounds.

It will be very fortunate for both the city and Mr. Dallin if his "Appeal to the Great Spirit" is bought and placed in the Fenway, as it undoubtedly will. This is a masterpiece by a master.

Stuart Urquhart.

"Farewell," I said to my masterpiece,
"Soon the faculty'll scan you o'er
"And you with an 'E'
And a star, I'll see,
Behind the office door."

Ah the wishes and expectations
And the hopes of youth, they soar
For my drawing fine
Was left to pine
'Till Granbury swept the floor!

G. L. F.

THE LONESOMEMAN

The fruitless search of the Lonesomeman,
  As he travels along with sightless look,
Is a heartless hunt, and he never can
  Be helped by word, nor touch, nor look.

He seeks and he knows he ne'er can find
  The balm for an unseen wound;
But he wanders about among his kind,
  And makes no sigh nor sound.

His very wound remains unseen
  By himself or friends or foes;
That a cureless sore there's always been,
  Is all he cares or knows.

With keen-edged steel he probes within
  In search of a sign to guide;
He lays bare flesh and bone and skin
  For the thing that tries to hide.

He wanders on o'er the river bed,
  With hope for sight of course;
But the sinking sun it's mad'ning red
  Throws o'er the traveler's course.

Up tiresome steeps, through day and night,
To find the hidden ore
Whose molten glow once flashed on sight
Will heal the strangeful sore.

Within, without, he makes his quest
For wound, for balm, for both;
But neither finds, nor comes to rest
In soothing, woody growth.

He fain would sleep, but moaning wind
His senses goads to life;
He fain would wake but cannot find
The end for nightmare's strife.

Oh, Lonesomeman, whence from his spell
Which comes, nor warning gives?
Sent down from Heaven, or up from Hell?
And neither dies nor lives.

No mirage seen; no groundless hope
To cheer the darksome way;
Just blindsome search and faithless grope
Forever and a day.

The Lonesomeman plods slowly by
In a road that has no end;
No answer to the ceaseless "Why?"
Just "Lonesome" to the end.

1913.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Feb. 27.—When Detective Joseph Fanelli of the New Rochelle police saw George Evison, who said he came from Mamaroneck, step from a Mt. Vernon trolley car early yesterday morning with his pockets bulging the detective thought he had captured a burglar returning with a good haul.

At the police headquarters the man's pockets were found to contain needles, thread, patches, a razor and a strop, a shaving brush and soap, a stocking full of tea, a mirror, a paper parcel containing butter, eight onions, a plug of tobacco, several pieces of ribbon, a whisk broom, a silver watch and chain, several women's side combs, a small bag of buttons, a bunch of shoe laces, a pipe, a special policeman's shield of Suffolk county, a small broiler made of copper wire, a cold chicken, several pieces of bologna sausage, a napkin, a nail file, a half-used cake of face powder, a box of matches, a pair of scissors, a wash cloth, a jack-knife, a box of drawing pencils and crayons and a small sketch book containing rough sketches of landscapes and street scenes.

Evison told Judge Samuel F. Swinburne that he had been on a sketching tramp through Westchester county. He was allowed to go.

"Hully Gee!!!" A hundred and twenty-eight dollars; think of it. When the income of the state is only counted by millions and annually at that. When you feel despondent and worthless and want a real sixteen-to-one lining for your clouds, just think of yourself as a $512 investment; perhaps more if you have taken an unfair advantage of an innocent, unsuspecting state and staid more than four years. That is actually what each one of us costs the state. And in return we should do our best to deserve it. Of course you can't expect Sarah Bernhardts on 128 per—even if genius isn't a question of dollars and cents, but at least we needn't take every cold day as a pretense for loafing. Naturally nothing but mediocrity can be expected of one who sleeps from twelve to six (while genius burns) but it wouldn't do any harm to consentrate (accent on second syllable, please). Perhaps "fifteen years from now" when the sinking fund has swamped or is paying a dividend we won't mind. "I don't care! I don't care" (which is apropos of nothing). Exit.

The thermometer had gone up four degrees by that time, anyway.

Miss B., drifting into Mayor's studio—"This is the warmest place I've struck yet."

An Inmate—"Yes, because there is so much hot air in here."

We beg emphatically to explain that this was on neither Tuesday nor Thursday.

We regret sincerely that Miss Bacon is no longer a member of the Junior class.

"Don't fiddle—don't fiddle." Helen, one violinist in the family is quite enough.

We have learned conclusively that it was a shock and not a blow, as commonly supposed, which killed father.

We welcome Brother Larkin back—Judging by his neckties his vacation must have included an extensive tour of Italy.

The Centre of Vision candy sale was a most over-powering success and we wish to extend our thanks (somewhat belated, 'tis true) to all for their enthusiasm and generosity.

To quote Mr. Munsell, "The actions of the upper and fore arm are strikingly different"—Not bad!

Mr. George declares that Gladys' apron is not Munsell yellow but prison-cell yellow. Of course he knows!

Walter believes, if the sacrum resembles a keystone it must at least be a skeleton key.

Mr. Kelly, being regaled with an account of a fire in a settlement house, inquires how it started, "Was it lamplight, a gas light or an Israelite?"

In return for which we wish to say that, judging from the impartial way in which he paints five dollar curtains and thirty-seven cent tapestry, he has no sense of color value.

We who have survived two years of conceit effacing "slams" and heart-rending criticisms, hardly appreciate being "handled with kid gloves."

In English class—Walter, giving the principle parts of the verb go,—"Going, going, gone."

Ethel also think "hired, tired, fired," is a natural sequence.

If it's in Emerson's essay ask Mr. Bates, he can tell you.

Mr. Munsell says that animal exuberance is a good thing, as is family pride and gum chewing. He acknowledges the spiritual influence of prize fighting and talks of coloristic cocktails. What is this world coming to! "Facalis est descensus averni."

"Here comes the veteran."

"Yes, he does look like the battle of Gettysburg." Mr. Kelly, intruding—"Oh, I say! remember what Sherman said about war."

Glad to see the way Normal Art responded to the student exhibition, weren't you?

Olive—"Was that your head on my shoulder, Leslie?"

Leslie—"Would it were."

Kelly—"Wood it is."

Let Shakespeare rhyme no more,
Let Garrick moulder in his tomb;
And John Craig hide behind the door,
To give our Juniors room.

Since making so successful a debut into M. N. A. S. society —for the Costume Party, our first "attempt" was a success, wasn't it?—we who before have lacked courage to appear before the public eye are daring to vetnure even into the Centre of Vision!

Some one wants to know if there's something the matter with our class—or if we've simply not waked up to a realization of our own importance. We're asleep—by all means!

To be carefully considered and answered by future school-ma'ams:

Is it highly proper to chew spearmint gum?

Should a girl have more than one beau?

Are we making a mistake in taking the public school course? We'll never get more than an outside view of that Descriptive Geometry!

Well, Bruce, it's about time for the hot-beds to show signs of life. Which came up—corn or beans?

It is rumored that the gentleman at desk 15 is a connoisseur of those beautiful red-fashioned flowers—Bleeding Hearts.

In the modelling room—"I've just been downstairs to put my nose in the clay-bin." And again, "It's time to wash up."

Some of us are interested in that bearded man!

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES.

There is so much criticism, just criticism I must admit, about the Centre of Vision, so much lack of spirit on the part of the editors and lack of interest on the part of the subscribers that it seems to me that some radical change should be made. Being one of the editors myself I can hardly be accused of malice when I say this and having been on the paper for two years I may say that I know whereof I speak. The whole trouble I think is not with the editors, though each one have their faults as well as their virtues, and I wish it borne in mind that I am not referring in any thing I may say to this particular board but I am speaking in a general way of results that have grown out of long existing conditions. Occasionally of course for a year or two there may happen to be a particularly good board and the thing will go on with a certain swing, the editors enjoy it and bring their best to it, their intimate friends read it and it is just as likely to please the general mass of students as not. It is merely a matter of personality. But for the most part the editors find, and particularly after their first year, that they are "up against" a hopeless task. Struggling to pay the expenses, struggling to get up interest, struggling for contributions, and finally struggling to regain their own fast falling enthusiasm without which the thing will never get together. For example, the January number was two solid months late in appearing. During that time just exactly three people outside of a few intimate friends, inquired about it to me at all. This treatment naturally aroused us to renewed

effort to hurry the magazine up.

We all of us on the magazine know just exactly how it ought to be run. We can every one of us "fish up" innumerable ideas any of which would improve the magazine immensely, but we don't improve, nor make it pay, nor even get it out on time. The reason is mostly that the officers of the magazine are of the senior class and necessarily the little magazine has become of less importance to them. They see how little effect it has in the school, how much valuable time it takes from the school work, how impossible it is for it to pay under the present plan and they have other infinitely more important things to think about. You see seniors really need their time for other things, and they ought to have it. You will appreciate this more and more as you approach seniority, though it may be incomprehensible to you now. If you haven't the bread and butter question leering at you around the corners you have the anxiety about diplomas which troubleth not the freshman, or else you are really making a mad endeavor to learn a little something before you go. At any rate it is very true that after the first month or two you grudge every moment that you must spend on the Centre of Vision. This is no sort of an attitude for a successful editor. I don't believe there is a senior in the school who could be persuaded or hired to take the editorship now.

As to the expense, take this year and last, as a particular case. For five years the Centre of Vision has been in debt and for five years the debt has been increasing. We had a play last year to pay it off. This took lots of time and trouble and enthusiasm and did not succeed in paying the complete amount. If we had

the time or the enthusiasm to get up another play this year if it went off with the success of last year's we might finish off the debt. But this is too many ifs. As a matter of fact none of us have time for a play this year, or anything else, and we are losing money on the paper all the time. Positively this is immoral—to go on incurring bigger and bigger debts and not raise a finger to help it. But can you blame us. All but two people on the board work for their living outside of school and they can't stop that to get up a play, or anything else. If we tried to run the paper more cheaply imagine the hurt howl and dreadful things you would have to say about our stinginess. Well, the whole remedy is to my mind to turn the paper over to the only class that ever shows any interest in the matter at all. Mr. and Miss Freshman, if you want the paper for your own to run after all the things I've told you about it, I'll do my level best to help you get it, and here are some of the reasons. The freshman class started the paper in the beginning. Mr. Andrew is responsible for that statement. And how it got away from them I don't know. This would not be reason enough if it were not that they also seem to want it and to be fully capable of running it, and better I think than any other class. They are fully old enough,—the average age of the freshman class is a fraction over twenty and the average board of editors this year is twenty-one. They will bring enthusiasm, freshness, in every sense of the word; there will be no possibility of the paper getting in to a rut or becoming "mannered." Their entire class will subscribe from loyalty, which is more than can be said for the senior class, and the sophomores from jealousy, the juniors from curiosity and the seniors from

compassion. The faculty from a desire for a little innocent amusement will read it in private and chuckle and patronize it gravely in public, as always.

There is another alternative if we are afraid to trust this vast project to the children, and that is "popular election" of officers each year instead of each board selecting the editors to follow them. The whole point and the only point of this rambling discourse being that interest in the paper is all that is needed to make it succeed, that if you elect your own editor you will be interested even if he is a poor editor.

Well, something must be done or else the paper dropped which may after all be the solution. Then the debt might be gradually paid and in time a wide-awake class would start it up again and the whole story gone over, for after all there is no way to stop humanity from rushing severally and together into vast projects that they can't carry through and that are much waste lying around in people's way and mussing things up. It is a blessed vision to imagine a time when nothing will be wasted, not even an ounce of energy, and just now is the time when we waste so much that might be used well. We study the wrong things, read the wrong books, start in the wrong profession and marry the wrong people, and generally get ourselves mixed up with the landscape to no purpose. After we get quite old we discover what we really are like and what we should have studied and read and loved to get the very best out of us, and then we have to begin all over again. However, how are we to find out. And I dare say it often turns out that when we think we are studying one thing we are learning quite a different one and maybe the

poor, decrepit, feeble, Centre of Vision may teach some of us not to run our heads against a stone wall too long.

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken, and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"Thot Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shpalpeen the loikes of you to get bate up by a little omadhoun of a Dootchman the size of him! Why——"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"—Everybody's Magazine.

A good many years ago, in the State of Iowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said: "Bub, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."—Saturday Evening Post.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

EDITORIALS.

We have just had that student attitude thrown at us again! We hate it. It's too suggestive of rather large-mouthed, scrawny, pin-feathery individuals sitting in a ring waiting expectantly for the worm of artistic knowledge. If there IS such a thing as student attitude (and the carpenter has his serious doubts) why isn't there such a thing as faculty attitude? There might be, now mightn't there?

Perhaps it is this attitude that prompts some of the actions of our own teachers.

Do you suppose that is the reason why "someone" on discovering the loss of a certain article of furniture the other day, bounced into our studio on a still hunt for it, discovered it, declaimed about it, aired a remarkable vocabulary—literally tore the atmosphere and then departed, having shredded, nay, almost dessicated our maidenly feelings.

Do you suppose that accounts for the gentle deprecating smile we receive when we "trespass" or the kindly permission to do wild and hitherto unheard things in and out of school hours. Perhaps that is why a certain stern and awe inspiring person melts into smiles at one's approach only to feign sternness and demand in a loud voice "WHERE IS MY butterscotch?"

Perhaps this same attitude propells "someone else" into our studio to stand blithely between us and our painting and finally to dart off with our choicest bit of bric-a-brac which we fondly hoped to paint in our next group!

There is someone else who shoos us away from delightful tete-a-tetes and last conferences with a ferocious assumed frown and then comes around later to invite us to be in some "play-acting" or to tea where they feed you on big shiny pink peppermints.

It might account for the fact that certain people have been seen perusing a French anatomy book, that the Centre of Vision play last year was a financial success, that in a very simple but beautiful group we find a certain statue which is not M. N. A. S. property, for the fact that fifteen of the tickets to our recent and glorious junior play that we sold in school were not sold to students, for the fact that in spite of our inability to see the shapes of things and the character to distinguish the ground line from the vanishing point of shadows and to realize that the femur is not miraculously hitched onto the lumbar vertabrae—we still live and have our being and the teachers tolerate us—for our faculty attitude—let us be thankful.

And just a word about YOU. When the editor so kindly let me "run" this month's Centre of Vision I said to myself, "Now I'll show him there certainly is something funny about this whole business; and so I went to the nine people who usually hand in their stuff—you know about reflected lights and what Kelly said to Flewkie on the stairs and the farm—and said "stuff must be in by Thursday"—and then fared forth on a still hunt. First I tackled the instructors; one was entirely too busy to write, the sensation of having his name in print was evidently no new one; in fact I have a feeling that he was peeved because I asked him; the second one said "He would—if"—but he didn't. Not at

all discouraged I made a mental list of students and continued my search. I had hard work to find any one to write the art notes, but bless his heart, the boy who wrote The Hard Guy's visit actually worked up some enthusiasm over it. He seemed pleased to think he could do it. The next person I asked for a poem. She raised her eyebrows and "doubted if she could do it. She only wrote when the muse was attentive." I have a feeling that this must have been the muse's week out. And last but not least I tackled a boy and asked for anything.

"No," he said decidedly, "I'll not write for the Centre of Vision because it is run by a clique—it is not representative of the whole school."

But, I said, if you write for it won't it help to make it more representative of the school? Yes, but all the same I won't do it.

Now that, dear friends, is logic, masculine logic which we poor feminine things are not supposed to comprehend.

And as a result this month's Centre of Vision is still run by the same clique and it isn't my fault. If you people's consciences are so dulled that month by month you can see four people publish a paper—a representative school paper with your name on it—and all you do is to sit back and mentally thumb your noses at it and accuse it of cliqueness, why, you just come round later and we'll tell you what we think of it, "Your" school paper.

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